

A Verry Merry
VVherry-Ferry-
Voyage:
OR
Yorke for my Money:

Sometimes Perilous, sometimes Quarrellous,
Performed with a paire of Oares, by
Sea from *London*, by IOHN
TAYLOR, and IOB
PENNELL.

And written by I. T.



LONDON.
Imprinted by *Edw: All-de*.
1622.

A Very Merry

Christmas

Wishes

to all my friends and acquaintances

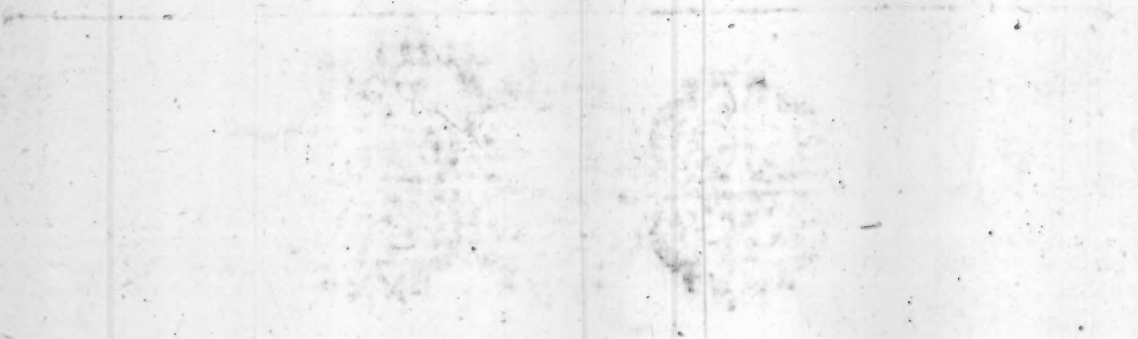
and to all the good people of the world

and to all the angels in heaven

and to all the saints in glory

and to all the good

and to all the good



LONDON

Printed by J. Smith

1825

A
W

Y
Acc
An



As much Happinesse as may bee
wished, attend the Two hopefull, Impes
of Gentility and Learning, Mr.

RICHARD and GEORGE
HATTON.

*You forward Payre, in Towardly Designes,
To you I send these sowsde Salt-water Lines:
Accept, Reade, Laugh, and breath, and to't againe,
And still my Muse, and I, shall yours Remaine.*

John Taylor.



Prologue.

I Now intend a Voyage heere to Write,
From *London* vnto *Yorke*, helpe to Indite
Great *Neptune* ! lend thy Ayde to me, who pa
Through thy tempestuous *Waues* with man
(a Blas
And then I'll true describe the Townes, & me
And manners, as I went and came agen.

A Very



A very Merry VWherry-Ferry- Voyage, Or, *Torke* for my Money.

THE Yeare which I doe call as others doe,
Full 1600. adding Twenty ^a two :
The Month of *Iuly*, that's for euer fam'd,
(Because 'twas so by ^b *Iulius Caesar* nam'd,)
Iust when fixe dayes, and to each Day a Night,
The dogged ^c Dog-dayes had began to bite,
On that day which doth blest Remembrance bring,
The name of an Apostle, and our King,
On that remarkeable good day, Saint *James*
I vndertooke my Voyage downe the *Thames*.
The Signe in ^d *Cancer*, or the Ribs and Brest,
And *Eolus* blewe sweetly West Southwest.
Then after many farewels, Cups and Glasses,
(Which oftentimes hath made men worse then Asses)
About the waste or ^e Nauell of the Day,
Not being dry or Drunke, I went my way.
Our Wherry somewhat olde, or strucke in age,
That had endur'd neere 4. yeares Pilgrimage,
And caryed honest people, Whores, and Thieues,
Some Sergeants, Bayliffes, and some ^f vnder-Shrieues,
And now at last it was her lot to be
Th'aduent'rous bonny Barke to carry me.
But as an olde Whores Beauty being gone
Hides Natures wracke, with Artlike painting on:

^a The yeare
of our Lord

^b *Iuly* was
nam'd so by
Caesar.

^c The Dog-
dayes were
6. dayes en-
tered.

^d I obserue
signes, win-
des, Tides,
dayes, hou-
res, times,
Scituations
& manners.

^e Noone if
you'll take
it so.

^f Boats are
like Bar-
bars Chairs
Hackneyes
or Whores:
common to
all estates.

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

So I with Colours finely did repaire
My Boates defaults, and made her fresh and faire.
Thus being furnish'd with good Wine and Beere,
And Bread and Meate (to banish hungers feare)
With Sayles, with Ancker, Cables, Sculs and Oares,
With Carde and Compasse, to know Seas and Shores,
With Lanthorne, Candle, Tinder-box and Match,
And with good Courage, to worke, ward, and watch,
Well man'd, well ship'd, well victual'd, well appointed,
Well in good health, well timberd and well joynted:
All wholly well, and yet not halfe Fox'd well,
Twixt *Kent*, and *Essex*, we to *Grauesend* fell.
There I had welcome of my friendly Host,
(A *Grauesend* Trencher, and a *Grauesend* Toft)
Good meate and Lodging at an easie Rate,
And rose betimes although I lay downe late.
Bright *Lucifer* the messenger of Day,
His burnisht twinkling splendour did display:
Rose cheek'd *Aurora* hid her blushing face,
She spying *Phœbus* comming gaue him place.
Whilest *Zephyrus*, and *Auster*, mix'd together,
Breath'd gently, as fore-boding pleasant weather.
Olde *Neptune* had his Daughter *Thames* supplide,
With ample measure of a flowing Tide,
But *Thames* supposde it was but borrowed goods,
And with her Ebbes, payde *Neptune* backe his Floods.
Then at the time of this Auspicious dawning,
I rowz'd my men, who Scrubbing, stretching, yawning,
Arose, left *Grauesend*, Rowing downe the streame,
And neere to *Lee*, wee to an Ancker came.
Because the Sands were bare, and Water lowe,
We rested there, till it two houres did Flowe:

And

A very merry wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

And then to trauell went our Galley foyft,
Our Ancker quickly weigh'd, our sayle soone hoyft,
Where thirty miles we past, a mile from shore,
The water two * foote deepe, or little more.
Thus past we on the braue East Saxon Coast,
From 3. at morne, till 2. at noone almost,
By *Shobury, Wakering, Fowlenesse, Tittingham,*
And then wee into deeper water came.
There is a crooked Bay runnes winding farre,
To *Maulden, Esterford, and Colchester,*
Which cause 'twas much about, (to ease mens paine)
I left the Land, and put into the mayne.
With speed, the crooked way to scape and passe,
I made out straight for *Frinton*, and the *Nasse*.
But being 3. Leagues then from any Land,
And holding of our Maine sheate in my hand,
We did espy a coleblacke Cloud to rise,
Fore-runner of some Tempest from the Skies;
Scarce had we sayl'd a hundred times our length,
But that the winde began to gather strength:
Stiffe *Eolus*, with *Neptune* went to Cuffes,
With huffes, and puffes, and angry counter-Buffes,
From boyst'rous Gusts, they fell to fearefull flawes,
Whilest we 'twixt winde & water, neere Death's iawes
Toft like a Corke vpon the mounting maine,
Vp with a whiffe, and straight way downe againe,
At which we in our mindes much troubled were,
And said *God bleffe vs all, what Wethers heere?*
For (in a worde) the Seas so high did growe,
That Ships were forc'd to strike their topsailes lowe,
Meane time (before the winde) wee scudded bracke,
Much like a Ducke, on top of euery waue.

* These flat
Sands are
called the
Spits.

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

But nothing violent is permanent,
And in short space away the Tempest went.
So farewell it; and you that Readers be
Suppose it was no welcome Guest to me:
My Company and I, it much perplext,
And let it come when I send for it next.
But leauing jesting, Thankes to God I giue,
Twas through his mercy wee did scape and liue.
And though these thinges with mirth I doe expresse,
Yet still I thinke on God with thankfulness.
Thus ceast the Storme and weather gan to smile,
And we Row'd neere the shoare of *Horsey Ile*.
Then did Illustrious *Titan* seeme to steepe
His Chariot in the Western Ocean deepe:
We saw the farre spent Day, withdraw his light,
And made for *Harwich*, where we lay all night.
There did I finde an Hostesse with a Tongue,
As nimble as it had on Gimmols hung:
Twill neuer tire, though it continuall toyl'd,
And went as yare, as if it had bin Oyl'd:
All's one for that, for ought which I perceiue,
It is a fault which all our Mothers haue:
And is so firmly grafted in the Sexe,
That hee's an Ass that seemes thereat to vex.
Apolloes Beames began to guild the Hills,
And West Southwest the winde the Welkin fills.
When I left *Harwich*, and along we Row'd
Against a smooth Calme flood that stilly flow'd,
By *Randsfey Hauen*, and by *Orford Nasse*,
And so by *Aldbrough* we at last did passe.
By *Lestoffe*, we to *Yarmouth* made our way,
Our third dayes trauell being Saturday,

There

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

There did I see a Towne well fortifide,
Well govern'd, with all Natures wants supplide,
The scituation in a wholesome ayre,
The Buildings (for the most part) sumptuous, faire,
The people courteous, and industrious, and
With labour makes the Sea enrich the land.
Besides (for aught I know) this one thing more,
The Towne can scarcely yeeld a man a Whore :
It is renownd for fishing farre and neere,
And sure in *Britaine* it hath not a Peere .
But noble *Nash* thy fame shall liue alwayes,
Thy witty Pamphlet, the red * Herrings praise
Hath done great *Tarmouth* much renowned right,
And put my Artlesse Muse to silence quite :
On Sunday we a learned Sermon had,
Taught to confirme the good, reforme the bad ;
Acquaintance in the Towne I scarce had any,
And sought for none, in feare to finde too many,
Much kindnesse to me by mine Host was done,
(A Marriner * nam'd *William Richardson*)
Besides mine Hostesse gaue to me at last
A Cheese, with which at Sea we brake our fast,
The Guist was round, and had no end indeede,
But yet we made an end of it with speede :
My thanks surmounts her bounty, all men fees
My Grattitudes in Print : But where's the *Cheese*?
So on the Munday, betwixt one and twaine,
I tooke my leaue, and put to Sea againe.
Down *Tarmouth* Roade we Row'd with cutting speed,
(The Wind all quiet, Armes must doe the deed)
Along by *Castor*, and Sea-bord'ring Townes,
Whose Clifles & shores abide sterne *Neptunes* frownes,
Some-

* It hath
not a fel-
low in *Eng-*
land for
fishing.
A Booke
called the
praise of
the red
Herring.

* And a
ship Car-
penter.

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Sometimes a mile from land, and sometimes two,
(As depthes or sands permitted vs to do)
Till drawing toward night, we did perceau
The wind at East, and Seas began to heau:
The rowling Billowes all in fury Roares
And tumbled vs, we scarce could vse our Oares:
Thus on a Lee shore, darknesse gan to come,
The Sea grew high, the winds gan hisse and hum:
The foaming curled waues the shore did beate,
(As if the Ocean would all *Norfolke* eate)

To keepe at Sea, was dangerous I did thinke,
To goe to land I stood in doubt to sinke:

Thus landing, or not landing (I suppos'd)

* We were
in a puz-
zell.

We were in perill * round about inclos'd;
At last to Rowe to shore I thought it best,
* Mongst many euils, thinking that the least:
My men all pleas'd to doe as I command,
Did turne the Boates head opposite to land,
And with the highest Waue that I could spie,
I bad them Row to shore immediatly.

When strait we all leap'd ouer-boord in hast,
Some to the knees, and some vp to the waste,
Where suddainly t'wixt Owle-light and the darke,
We pluck'd the Boat beyond high water marke.
And thus halfe sowde, halfe stewd, with Sea and sweat,
We land at *Cromer* Towne halfe dry, halfe wet.

* We were
like Floun-
ders aliue
in a frying
Pan, that
leap'd into
the fire to
saue them-
selues.

But we supposing all was safe and well
In shunning * *Silla*, on *Caribdis* fell:
For why some women, and some children there
That saw vs land, were all possesst with feare:
And much amaz'd, ranne crying vp and downe,
That Enemies were come to take the Towne.

Some

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Some said that we were Pyrats, some said Theeves,
And what the women saies, the men beleeues.
With that foure Constables did quickly call,
Your ayde! to Armes you men of *Cromer* all!
Then straitway forty men with rusty Bills,
Some arm'd in Ale, all of approued skills,
Deuided into foure stout Regiments,
To guard the Towne from dangerous Euent;
Braue Captaine * *Pescod* did the Vantguard lead,
And Captaine *Clarke* the Rereward gouerned,
Whilst Captaine *Wiseman*, and hot Captaine *Kimble*,
Were in the mayne Battalia fierce and nimble:
One with his squadron watch'd me all the night,
Least from my lodging I should take my flight:
A second (like a man of speciall note)
Did by the Sea side all night watch my Boate,
The other two, to make their names Renownd,
Did Guard the Towne, and brauely walke the Rownd.
And thus my Boat, my selfe, and all my men,
Were stoutly Guarded, and Regarded then:
For they were all so full with feare posselt,
That without mirth it cannot be exprest.
My Inuention doth Curuet, my Muse doth Caper,
My Pen doth daunce out lines vpon the Paper,
And in a word, I am as full of mirth,
As Mighty men are at their first sonnes birth.
Me thinkes *Moriscoes* are within my braines,
And *Heyes* and *Antiques* run through all my vaines:
Heigh, to the tune of *Trenchmoore* I could write
The valient men of *Cromers* sad affright:
As Sheepe doe feare the Wolfe, or Geese the Fox,
So all amazed were these sencelesse blockes:

* These
were the
names of
the cum-
berosome
Cromorian
Consta-
bles.

That

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

* People
did come
thither 3.
or 4. miles
about, to
know what
the matter
was.

* I had as
good to
haue said
nothing.

* Diligent
Officers.

That had the Towne beene fir'd, it is a doubt,
But that the women there had pist it out,
And from the men Reek'd such a fearefull sent,
That People three * miles thence mus'd what it meant,
And he the truth that narrowly had sifted,
Had found the Constables, had need t'haue shifted.
They did examine me, I answer'd then
I was *John Taylor*, and a Waterman,
And that my honest fellow *Iob* and I,
Were seruants to *King James* his Maistie,
How we to *Yorke*, vpon a Mart were bound,
And that we landed, fearing to be drown'd:
When all this would not satisfie the Crew,
I freely op'd my Trunke, and bad them view,
I shew'd them Bookes, of Chronicles and Kings,
Some Prose, some verse, and idle Sonnettings,
I shewed them all my Letters to the full:
Some to *Yorke's* Archbishop, and some to *Hull*,
But had the twelue Apostles sure beene there
My witnesses, I had beene nere the * neere.
And let me vse all Oathes that I could vse,
They still were harder of beliefe then Iewes.
They wanted faith, and had resolu'd before,
Not to belieue what e're we said or swore.
They said the world was full of much deceit,
And that my Letters might be * counterfeit:
Besides, there's one thing bred the more dislike,
Because mine Host was knowne a Catholike.
These things concurring, people came in Clusters,
And multitudes within my lodging Musters,
That I was almost wooried vnto death,
In danger to be stifled with their breath.

And

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

And had mine Host tooke pence a peece of those
Who came to gaze on me, I doe suppose,
No *Iack* an *Apes*, *Baboone*, or *Crocodile*
'Ere got more money in so small a * while.
Besides, the *Pesants* did this one thing more,
They call'd and dranke foure shillings on my score :
And like vnmann'd Mungrells went their way,
Not spending aught, but leauing me to * pay.
This was the household businesse, in meane space
Some Rascals ran vnto my Boate apace,
And turn'd and tumbled her, like men of *Goteham*,
Quite topsie turuy vpward with her bottome,
Vowing they would in tatters piece-meale teare,
The curst Pyrates Boate, that bred their feare ;
And I am sure, their madnesse (to my harme)
Tore a Boord out, much longer then mine arme.
And they so bruis'd, and split our Wherry, that
She leak'd, we cast out water with a Hat.
Now let men iudge, vpon these truthes reuealing,
If Turkes or Mores could vse more barbarous dealing,
Or whether it be fit I should not write,
Their enuie, foolish feare, and mad despight.
What may wise men conceiue, when they shall note
That fife vnarm'd men, in a Wherry Boate,
Nought to defend, or to offend with stripes
But one old * sword, and two Tobacco Pipes,
And that of Constables a Murniuall,
Men, women, children, all in generall,
And that they all should be so valiant, wise,
To feare we would a Market Towne surprise !
In all that's writ I vow I am no lyer,
I muse the Beacons were not set on fire.

* The dancing on the Ropes, or a Puppet play, had come short of his takings, accounting time for time.

* This was more then I could willingly afford.

* And the sword was rusty with Salt-water, that it had neede of a quarters warning ere it wold come out.

The

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

* O braue
sent.

The dreadfull names of *Talbot*, or of *Drake*,
Ne're made the foes of *England* more to quake
Then I made *Cromer*, for their feare and dolour,
Each man might smell out by his Neighbours Collor.
At last the ioyfull morning did approach,
And *Sol* began to mount his flaming Coach,
Then did I thinke my Purgatory done,
And rose betimes intending to be gone;
But holla, stay, ~~twas~~ *otherwayes*, with me
The messe of Constables were shrunke to three:
Sweet Mr. *Pescods* double diligence
Had horst himselfe, to beare intelligence,
To Iustices of Peace within the land,
What dangerous businesse there was now in hand,
There was I forc'd to tarry all the while,
Till some said he rode foure and twenty mile,
In seeking men of worship, peace and *quorum*,
Most wisely to declare strange newes before v^m.
And whatsoeuer tales he did recite,
I'm sure he caus'd Sir *Austine Palgrane*, Knight,
And Mr. *Robert Kempe* a Iustice there
Come before me, to know how matters were.
As conference twixt them and I did passe,
They quickly vnderstood me, what I was:
And though they knew me not in prose and lookes,
They had read of me in my verse, and bookes,
My businesse account I there did make,
And I and all my Company did take,
The lawfull Oath of our Alleageance then,
By which we were beleeu'd for honest men.
In duty, and in all humility
I doe acknowledge the kinde courtesie

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Of those two Gentlemen: for they did see,
How much the people were deceiu'd in me.
They gaue me Coyne, and Wine and Suger too,
And did as much as lay in them to doe
To finde them that my Boate had torne and rent,
And so to giue them worthy punishment.
Besides Sir * *Austin Palgraue*, bad me this,
To goe but foure miles, where his Dwelling is,
And I and all my Company should there
Finde friendly Welcome, mix'd with other Cheare.
I gaue them thanks, and so I'le giue them still,
And did accept their Cheere in their goodwill.
Then 3. a Clocke at afternoone and past,
I was Discharg'd from *Cromer* at the last.
But for men shall not thinke that Enuiously
Against this Towne I let my Lines to flye:
And that I doe not lye, or scoffe, or fable,
For them I will write something Charitable.
It is an Ancient Market Towne that stands
Vpon a lofty Cliffe of mouldring Sands:
The Sea against the Cliffes doth dayly beate,
And euery tide into the Land doth eate,
The Towne is Poore, vnable by Expence,
Against the raging Sea to make defence:
And euery day it eateth further in,
Still wasting, washing downe the sand doth win.
That if some Course be not tane speedily,
The Towne's in danger in the Sea to lye.
A goodly Church stands on these brittle Grounds,
Not many fairer in Great Britaines Bounds:
And if the Sea should swallow't, as some feare,
Tis not Ten thousand pounds the like could Reare,

* He would
haue had
vs to haue
stayed 3. or
foure dayes
with him.

No

A very Merry wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

No Christian can behold it but with griefe,
And with my heart I wish them quicke reliefe.
So farewell *Cromer*, I haue spoke for thee,
Though thou didst much vnkindly deale with me,
And honest Marriners, I thanke you there
Laboriously you in your armes did beare
My Boat for me three furlongs at the least,
When as the tyde of Ebb was so decreast,
You waded, and you launch'd her quite a floate,
And on your backes you bore vs to our Boate.
Th'vnkindnes that I had before, it come
Because the Constables were troublesome:
Long'd to be busie, would be men of action,
Whose labours was their trauels satisfaction,
Who all were borne when wit was out of Towne,
And therefore got but little of their owne:
So farewell *Pescod, Wiseman, Kimble, * Clarke,*
Foure sonnes of *Ignorance* (or much more darke)
You made me loose a day of braue calme weather,
So once againe farewell, fare ill together.
Then longst the *Norfolke* Coast we Rowde outright
To *Blakeney*, when we saw the coming night,
The burning eye of day began to winke,
And into *Thetis* lap his Beames to shrink:
And as he went stain'd the departed skie,
With red, blew, purple, and vermillion dye.
Till all our Hemisphere laments his lack,
And mourning night puts on a Robe of black,
Bespangled diuersly with Golden sparkes,
Some moueable, some Sea-mens fixed markes.
The milky way that blest *Astrea* went,
When as she left this earthly Continent,

* They
long'd for
employ-
ment, and
rather then
be idle,
would be
ill occu-
pied.

Shew

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Shew'd like a Christall cawsey to the Thrones
 Of *Ioue* and *Saturne*, Pau'd with precious Stones.
Olde Oceanus, *Neptune*, ^a *Innachus*,
 And two and thirty huffecapt *Eolus*,
 Had all tane truce and were in League combin'd,
 No billowes foaming, or no breath of Winde;
 The solid Earth, the Ayre, the Ocean deepe
 Seem'd as the whole world had bin fast asleepe.
 In such a pleasant Euen as this came I
 To *Blackney*, with my Ship and Company:
 Whereas I found my Entertainment good
 For welcome, drinking, lodging, and for food.
 The morrow when *Latonaes* Sunne gan rise,
 And with his Light illumines mortall eyes:
 When Cockes did Crow, and Lambes did bleat & blea,
 I mounted from my Couch, and put to Sea.
 Like Glasse the Oceans face was smooth and calme,
 The gentle Ayre breath'd like *Arabian* Balme:
 Gusts, stormes and flawes, lay sleeping in their Celles
 Whilest with much labour we Row'd o're the *Welles*.
 This was our greatest ^b Day of worke indeed,
 And it behoou'd vs much, to make much speed,
 For why before that Day did quite expire
 We past the dangerous *Wash*, to *Lincolnshire*.
 And there in 3. houres space and little more
 We Row'd to *Boston*, from the *Norfolke* shore:
 Which by Report of people that dwell there,
 Is fixe and twenty mile or very neere.
 The way vnknowne, and we no Pilate had,
 Flats, Sands and shoales; and Tides all raging mad,
 Which Sands our passage many times denide,
 And put vs sometimes ^c 3. or foure miles wide,

^a The God
 of Riuers,
 Springs,
 Brookes,
 Foords, &
 Fountains.

^b We Row-
 ed aboue
 100. miles
 that day.

^c Sands ly-
 ing crook-
 edly in our
 way, ma-
 king vs goe
 3. or foure
 miles about
 at lowe wa-

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Besides the Flood Runs there, with such great force,
That I imagine it out-runnes a Horse :
And with a head some 4. foot high, that Rores,
It on the sodaine fwels and beats the Shores.
It tumbled vs a Ground vpon the Sands,
And all that wee could doe with wit, or hands,
Could not resist it, but we were in doubt
It would haue beaten our Boates bottome out.
It hath lesse mercy then *Beare, Wolfe, or Tyger,*
And in those Countries it is call'd the * *Hvger.*
We much were vnacquainted with those fashions,
And much it troubled vs with sundry passions :
We thought the shore we neuer should Recouer,
And look'd still when our Boate would tumble ouer.
But *He* that made all with his word of might,
Brought vs to *Boston*, where we lodg'd all night.
The morrow morning, when the Sunne gan Peepe.
I wak'd and rub'd mine eyes, and shak'd off sleepe,
And vnderstanding that the Riuer went,
From *Boston*, vp to *Lincolne*, and to *Trent*,
To *Humber, Owse, and Yorke*, and (taking paine)
We need not come in sight of Sea againe.
I lik'd the motion, and made hast away
To *Lincolne*, which was 50. mile, that day.
Which Citty in the 3. King *Edwards* Raigne,
Was th'onely Staple, for this Kingdomes gaine
For Leather, Lead, and Wooll, and then was seene
Fiue times ten Churches there, but now fifteene,
A braue Cathedrall Church there now doth stand,
That scarcely hath a fellow in this Land :
Tis for a Godly vse, a goodly Frame,
And beares the blessed Virgin *Maryes* name.

* It is so
call'd in Mr
D aytons se-
cond part of
Polyallion,
in his trea-
tise of *Hum-
ber*.

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

The Towne is Ancient, and by Course of Fate,
Through Warrs, and Time, defac'd and Ruinate,
But Monarchies, and Empires, Kingdomes, Crownes,
Haue rose or fell, as Fortune smiles or frownes :
And Townes, and Citties, haue their portions had
Of time-toft Variations, good and bad.
There is a Prouerbe, part of which is this,
They say that *Lincolne was, and London is.*
From thence we past a Ditch of Weedes and Mud,
Which they doe (falsely) there call * *Forcedike Flood* :
For I'le be sworne, no flood I could finde there,
But dirt and filth which scarce my Boate would beare,
Tis 8. miles long, and there our paines was such,
As all our trauell did not seeme so much,
My men did wade, and drawe the Boate like Horses,
And scarce could tugge her on with all our forces :
Moyl'd, toyl'd, myr'd, tyr'd, still lab'ring, euer doing,
Yet were we 9. long houres that 8. miles going.
At last when as the Day was well nigh spent,
We gat from *Forcedikes* floodles flood to *Trent*.
Eu'n as the Windowes of the Day did shut,
Downe *Trents* swift streame to *Gainsborough* we put,
There did we rest vntill the morning Starre,
The ioyfull doores of Dawning did vn-barre :
To *Humbers* churlish streames, our Course we fram'd,
So Nam'd, for Drowning of a King so nam'd.
And there the swift Ebbe tide ranne in such sort,
The Winde at East, the Waues brake thicke and short,
That in some doubts, it me began to strike,
For in my life, I ne're had seene the like.
My way was vp to *Yorke*, but my intent
Was contrary, for from the fall of *Trent*

* It is a
passage cut
through
the land 8.
miles from
Lincoln into
Trent, but
through ei-
ther the
peoples
pouerty or
negligence
it is grown
vp with
weeds, and
mud, so that
in the Sum-
mer it is in
many pla-
ces almost
dry.

A very merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

* I went 15. I fiftene mile went downewards East Northeast,
mile out of When as my way was vpward West Southwest.
Trent, down And as against the Winde we madly venter,
Humber, on The Waues like Pirates boord our Boate and enter,
purpose to But though they came in fury, and amaine
see Hull, Like thieues we cast them ouer-boord againe.
when my This Conflict lasted two houres to the full,
way was Vntill we gat to *Kingstone* vpon *Hull*:
quite con- For to that Towne I had a Proued friend,
trary. That Letters did and Commendations send
By me vnto the worthy Maiestrate,
The Maior, and some of's Brethren, in that State.

* *Hull* Che- Besides I had some Letters, of like Charge
ese, is much From my good Friend, the Master of the Barge
like a loafe Vnto some friends of his, that they would there
out of a Giue me * *Hull* Cheese, and welcome and good Cheere.
Brewers Sunday at Mr. Maiors much Cheere and Wine
Basket, it is Where as the *Hall* did in the Parlour Dine,
Composed At night with one that had bin Shrieue I Sup'd
of two sim- Well entertain'd I was, and halfe well Cup'd:
ples, Mault On Monday noone, I was inuited than
and Water To a graue Iusticer, an Alderman,
in one Cō- And there such Cheere as Earth and Waters yeeld,
pound, and Shew'd like a Haruest in a plentious *Feild*.
is Cosen Another I must thanke for his Goodwill,
germain to For he *Prest* * on to bid me welcome still.
the mighti- There is a Captaine of good Life and Fame
est Ale in And, *God* * with vs, I oft haue call'd his Name:
England. He welcom'd me, as I had bin his fellow
* The mea- Lent me his filken Colours, Blacke and Yellow,
ning of Which to our Mast made fast, wee with a Drum
thosemarks Did keepe, till we to *Yorke* in Triumph come.
are onely
knowne to
the Towns-
men there.

Thanks

A very Merry wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Thanks to my louing Host and Hostesse *Pease*
There at mine Inne, each Night I tooke mine ease :
And there I gat a Cattle of *Hull Cheese*
One Euening late, I thanke thee * *Macabees*.
Kinde *Roger Parker*, many thanks to thee,
Thou shewedst much vnderferued loue to me,
Layd my Boat safe, spent time, Coyne and endeaour,
And mad'st my money counted Copper euer.
But as at Feasts, the first Course being past,
Men doe reserue their Dainties till the last,
So my most thanks I euer whilest I liue
Will to the Mayor, and his Bretheren giue,
But most of all, to shut vp all together
I giue him thanks that did Commend * me thither,
Their Loues (like *Humber*) ouer-flow'd the bankes,
And though I Ebbe in worth, I'le flowe in Thanks.
Thus leauing off the Men, now of the Towne
Some thinges which I obseru'd I'le heere set downe :
And partly to declare it's praise and worth,
It is the onely Bulwarke of the North.
All other Townes for strength to it may strike,
And all the Northerne parts hath not the like,
The people from the Sea much Wealth haue wonne,
Each man doth liue as hee were *Neptunes Sonne*.
Th'Antiquity thereof a man may Reede
In Reuerend *Cambdens* workes, and painefull Speede :
How in King *Edwards* Raigne first of that Name
Then called *Wike*. Then did they *Kingston* frame,
And then the Townesmen cut a * Riuer there,
An exc'lent Hauen, a Defence or Peere :
Built with excessiue Charge, to saue it from
Fierce *Humbers* Raging, that each Tide doth come.

* An ingenious man
named *Macabees*.

* *Mr. I. I.*

* The Ri-
uer of *Hull*
is 20. miles
in length,
cut with
mens labor
to the infi-
nite Com-
modity of
the Coun-
trety.

A very merry wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

From time to time, more Greatnes still it gain'd,
Till lately when the Eight King *Henry* Raign'd,
He made it greater, by his oft Resort,
And many times kept there his Royall Court,
He Wall'd it well, built Battlements, and Gates,
And (more with Honour to augment their States)
He built two Blockhouses, and Castle strong
To Guard the Towne from all Inuasiue wrong.
He gaue them much Munition, Swords, Shafts, Bowes,
And Brazen Ordnance, as the world well knowes,
Which Guns he gaue them for the Townes defence,
But were in 88. all borrowed thence,
With promise they againe should be sent backe,
But the performance euer hath bin slacke.
Now in this Yron age, their Guns I see,
Are mettle like the Age, and Yron be :
And glad they would be if they could obtaine,
To change that mettle, for their owne againe.
Foure well built Gates, with bolts, and lockes & barres
For ornament or strength, in Peace or Warres :
Besides to keepe their Foes the further out,
They can Drowne all the Land 3. miles about.
Tis plentifully seru'd with Flesh and Fish,
As cheape, as reasonable men can wish.
And thus by Gods grace, and mans industry,
Daine Nature, or mens Art doth it supply.
Some 10. yeares since Fresh water there was scant,
But with much Cost they haue supply'd that want :
By a most exc'lent Water-worke that's made,
And to the Towne in Pipes it is conuay'd,
Wrought with most Artificiall engines, and
Perform'd by th' Art of the Industrious hand

Of

A very Merry wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Of Mr. * *William Maltby*, Gentleman,
So that each man of Note there alwayes can
But turne a Cocke within his House, and still
They haue Fresh-water alwayes at their will,
This haue they all vnto their great Content,
For which they each doe pay a yearely Rent.
There is a Prouerbe, and a Prayer withall,
That we may not to three strange places fall :
From *Hull*, from *Hallifax*, from *Hell*, 'tis thus,
From all these three * *Good Lord deliuer vs.*
This Praying prouerb's meaning to set downe,
Men doe not wish deliuerance from the Towne :
The Townes Nam'd *Kingstone*, *Hulls* the furious Riuer
And from *Hulls* dangers, I say, *Lord deliuer.*
At *Hallifax*, the Law so sharpe doth deale,
That who so more then 13. Pence doth steale,
They haue a Iynn, that wondrous quicke and well,
Sends Thieues all Headlesse vnto Heau'n or Hell.
From *Hell* each man sayes, *Lord deliuer me,*
Because from *Hell* can no Redemption be :
Men may escape from *Hull* and *Hallifax*,
But sure in *Hell* there is a heauier tax,
Let each one for themselves in this agree
And pray, *From Hell good Lord deliuer me.*
The Prouerbe and the Prayer expounded plaine,
Now to the Orders of the Towne againe :
I thinke it merites praise for Gouvernement,
More then all Townes in *Britaines* Continent,
As first their Charity doth much appeare,
They for the Poore haue so * prouided there,
That if a man should walke from Morne till Night,
He shall not see one Begger ; nor a Mite

* He built
another
faire Wa-
terwork, at
Torke, of
Free stone,
which doth
the Citty
exceeding
seruice.

* A Prouerb

* Mark, for
all is true.

Or

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

Or any thing shall be demaunded euer,
But euery one there doth their best endeouour
To make the Idle worke, and to Relieue
Those that are Olde and past, or Sicknes griue.
All Poore mens Children haue a House most fit
Whereas they Sowe, and Spin, and Card, and Knit,
Where all of them haue something still to doe,
As their Capacities will reach vnto,
So that no Idle person, Olde or Young
Within the Towne doth harbour or belong.
It yearely Costs Fiue hundred pounds besides,
To fence the Towne, from *Hull* and *Humbers* tides,
For Stakes, for Bauins, Timber, Stones and Piles,
All which are brought by Water many miles,
For Workmens labour, and a world of things
Which on the Towne excessiue Charges brings.
All which with perill, industry and sweat,
They from the bowels of the Ocean get.
They haue a Bridewell, and an exc'lent skill
To make some people worke against their will:
And there they haue their Lodging and their meate,
Cleane Whips, and euery thing exceeding neate,
And thus with faire or foule meanes alwayes, they
Giue idle persons little time to Play.
Besides for euery Sea or Marine cause
They haue a House of Trinity, whose Lawes
And Orders doe Confirme, or else Reforme
That which is Right, or that which wrongs deforme.
It is a Comely built well ordred place,
But that which most of all the House doth grace,
Are Roomes for Widdowes who are Olde and poore,
And haue bin Wiues to Marriners before.

They

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

They are for house-roome, foode or lodging, or
For firing, Christianly prouided for,
And as some dye, some doe their places win,
As one goes out, another doth come in.
Should I in all things giue the Towne it's due,
Some fooles would say I flatter'd, writ vntrue :
Or that I partiall in my writings were,
Because they made me welcome, and good cheere :
But for all those that haue such thoughts of mee,
I rather wish that them I hang'd may see,
Then that they iustly could report, that I
Did Rime for victuals, hunger to supply.
Or that my Muse, or working braines should beate,
To flatter, fawne, or lye, for drinke or meate :
Let Trencher-Poets scrape, for such base vailes,
I'll take an Oare in hand when writing failes ;
And 'twixt the Boate and Pen, I make no doubt,
But I shall shift to picke a liuing out,
Without base flatt'ry, or false Coyned words
To mowldy Madames, or vnworthy Lords ;
Or whatsoe're degree, or Townes, or Nations
I euer did, and still will scorne such fashions.
Hearesay, * sometimes vpon a lye may light,
But what I see and know, I dare to write.
Mine eyes did view before my Pen set downe,
These things that I haue written of this Towne.
A new built Custome-house, a faire Towne Hall,
For solemne meetings, or a Festiuall :
A Maior, twelue Aldermen, one Shrieve, Recorder,
A Towne-Clarke, altogether in one order,
And vniformity doe gouerne so,
They neede not flatter friend, or feare a foe.

* I write
not by
heare-say.

A Sword,

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

A Sword, a Cap of maintainance, a Mace
Great, and well Guilt, to doe the Towne more grace :
Are borne before the Maior, and Aldermen,
And on Festiuities, or high dayes then
Those Maiestrates their Scarlet Gownes doe weare,
And haue fixe Sergeants to attend each yeare.
Now let men say what Towne in *England* is,
That truly can compare it selfe with this :
For scituation, strength, and gouernment,
For charity, for plenty, for content,
For state? and one thing more I there was told,
Not one *Recusant*, all the Towne doth hold,
Nor (as they say) there's not a *Puritan*,
Or any nose-wise foole *Precissian*,
But great and small, with one consent and will,
Obay his Maiesties Iniunctions still.
They say that once therein two sisters dwelt,
Which inwardly the priek of Conscience felt,
They came to *London*, (hauing wherewithall)
To buy two Bybles, all *Canonicall*,
Th' *Apocripha* did put them in some doubt,
And therefore both their Bookes were bound without,
Except those two I ne're did heare of any
At *Hull*, though many places haue too many.
But as one scabbed sheepe a flock may marre,
So there's one man, whose nose did stand a iarre :
Talk'd very scuruily, and look'd ascue,
Because I in a worthy Townes-mans Pue,
Was plac'd at Church, when (God knowes) I ne're
To sit there, I was by the Owner brought. (thought,
This Squire of low degree, displeased than,
Said, I at most was but a Water-man.

And

A very Merry wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

And that they such great kindnesse setting forth,
Made more a'th flesh, then e're the broth was worth:
Which I confesse, but yet I answere make,
Twas more then I with manners could forsake:
He sure is some high minded *Pharisee*,
Or else infected with their *Heretic*,
And must be set downe in their Catalogues,
They lou'd the highest seates in Sinagogues.
And so (perhaps) doth he, for aught I know
He may be mounted when I sit below:
But let him not a Water-man despise,
For from the water he himselfe did rise,
And windes and water both on him hath smil'd
Else, the great Marchant he had n'ere beene stil'd:
His Character I finely will contriue,
He's scornfull proud, and tatling talkatiue:
A great Ingrosser of strange speech and newes,
And one that would sit in the highest Pues,
But bate an Ace, he'll hardly winne the game,
And if I list, I could rake* out his name.
Thanks Mr. Maior, for my Bacon Gammon,
Thankes *Roger Parker* for my small fresh Sammon,
Twas ex'lent good, and more the truth to tell ye,
Boyl'd with a fine Plum-pudding in the belly.
The sixth of August, well accompanide
With best of Townes-men to the waters side;
There did I take my leaue, and to my Ship
I with my Drum and Colours quickly skip.
The one did dub a dub and rumble, braue
The *Ensigne* in the ayre did play and waue:
I launch'd, supposing all things had beene done,
Bownee, from the Block-house, quoth a roaring Gun,

And

* But I was
euer better
with forks
to scatter,
then with
Rakes to
gather,
therefore I
would not
haue the
Townes-
men to
mistake
chalke for
Cheese, or
Robert for
Richard.

A very Merry wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

And wauing Hats on both sides, with content
I cride Adiew, adiew, and thence we went.
Vp *Humbers* flood that then amaine did swell,
Windes calme, and water quiet as a Well :
We Rowde to *Ouse*, with all our force and might,
To *Cawood* where we well were lodg'd all night.
The morrow, when as *Phæbus* gan to smile,
I forwards set to *Yorke*, eight little mile :
But two miles short of *Yorke* I landed than,
To see that reuerend * Metropolitan,
That watchfull Shepheard, that with Care doth keepe,
Th' *infernall Wolfe*, from Heau'ns *supernall* Sheepe :
That painefull Preacher, that most free Almes-giuer,
That though he liue long, is too short a liuer :
That man whose age the poore doe all lament,
All knowing, when his Pilgrimage is spent,
When Earth to Earth returnes, as Natures debter,
They feare the Prouerbe, *Seldome comes the better.*
His Doctrine and example, speake his due,
And what all people sayes, must needes be true.
In duty I most humbly thanke his Grace,
He at his Table made me haue a place,
And meate and drinke, and gold he gaue me there,
Whilst all my Crue it'h Hall were fill'd with cheere :
So hauing din'd, from thence we quickly past
Through *Ouse* strong Bridge, to *Yorke* faire Citie last,
Our drowning scap'd, more danger was ensuing,
'Twas *Size* time there, and hanging was a brewing :
But had our faults beene ne're so Capitall,
We at the Vintners barre durst answere all.
Then to the good Lord Maior I went, and told
What labour, and what dangers manifold,

* At *Bishopp-
thorpe*, wher
the Right
reuerend
Father in
God, *Toby
Mathew*
Archbi-
shop of
Yorke, his
Grace, did
make mee
welcome.

My

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

My fellow and my selfe had past at Seas,
And if it might his noble Lordship please,
The Boat that did from *London* thither swim
With vs, in duty we would giue to him.
His Lordship pawsing, with a reuerend hum,
My friend (quoth he) to morrow morning come,
In the meane space I'le of the matter thinke,
And so he bad me to goe neere and drinke.
I dranke a Cup of Clarret, and some Beere,
And fure (for aught I know) he^a **K E E P E S** good chære.
I gaue his Lordship in red gilded leather,
A well bound Booke, of all my Workes together,
Which he did take^b.
There in the Citie were some men of note,
That gladly would giue money for our Boat:
But all this while good manners bad vs stay,
To haue my good Lord Maiors yea, or nay.
But after long demurring of the matter^c,
He well was pleas'd to see her on the water,
And then my men Rowde halfe an houre or more,
Whilst he stood viewing her vpon the shore.
They bore his Lordships Children in her there,
And many others, as she well could beare.
At which his Honour was exceeding merry,
Saying it was a pretty nimble Wherry:
But when my men had taken all this paines,
Into their eyes they might haue put their gaines.
Vnto his Shop he did^d perambulate,
And there amongst his Barres of Iron fate.
I ask'd him if he would our Boat forgoe,
Or haue her, and his Lordship answer'd, *No*.
I tooke him at his word, and said God buye,
And gladly with my Boate away went I.

^a There is
some oddes
betweene
keeping &
spending.
^b Heere I
make a full
point, for I
receiued
not a poine
in ex-
change.

^c I thought
it my duty
(being wee
had come a
dangerous
voyage) to
offer our
Boat to the
chief Maie-
strate. For
why should
not my
Boat be as
good a mo-
nument as
Tom Coriats
euerlast-
ing ouer-
trampling
land-con-
quering
Shooes,
thought I?

^d And for-
gat to say, I
thank you
good fel-
lowes.

I sold

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry Voyage.

* A substantiall worthy Citizen, who hath beene Shrieve of *Yorke*, and now keeps the *George* in Cunny streete.

* *Ebrank* was the 5. K. of *Britaine*, after *Ercle*.

* An Arch-Flammin which was as an Idolatrous High Priest to *Diana*.

* *Edwin* and his whole family were baptized there on Easter day the 12. of Aprill 627.

* *Yorkshire* the greatest Shire in *Eng'land*, and 308. miles about. *Speed*.

I sold the Boat, as I suppos'd most meete,
To honest Mr. * *Kayes*, in Cunny streete :
He entertain'd me well, for which I thanke him,
And gratefully, amongst my friends I le ranke him.
My kinde remembrance here I put in paper,
To worthy Mr. *Hemsworth* there, a Draper,
Amongst the rest he's one that I must thanke,
With his good wife, and honest brother *Frank*.
Now for the Citie, 'Tis of state and Port,
Where Emperors & Kings haue kept their Court,
989. yeare, the foundation
Was layde, before our Sauours incarnation,
By * *Ebrank* who a Temple there did reare,
(And plac'd a * *Flammin* to *Diana* there,
But when King *Lucius* here the Scepter swayde
The Idols leuell with the ground were layde,
Then *Eleutherius*, Romes high Bishop plac'd,
An Archbishop at *Yorke*, with Tytles grac'd.
Then after *Christ*, 627.
Was *Edwin* * baptiz'd by the grace of heauen,
He pluck'd the Minster downe, that then was wood,
And made it stone, a deede both great and good.
The Citie oft hath knowne the chaunce of warres,
Of cruell forraigne, and of home-bred iarres.
And those that further please thereof to read,
May turne the volumes of great *Hollinshead*.
'Tis large, 'tis pleasant and magnificent;
The Norths most fertile famous ornament;
'Tis rich and populous, and hath indeede
No want of any thing to serue their neede.
Abundance doth that noble Citie make
Much abler to bestow, then neede to take.

A very Merry Wherry-Ferry-Voyage.

So farewell *Yorke*, the tenth of August then
Away came I for *London* with my men.
To dinner I to *Pomfret* quickly rode,
Where good hote Venson stay'd for my abode,
I thanke the worshipfull *George Shillito*,
He fill'd my men and me, and let vs goe.
There did I well view ouer twice or thrice,
A strong, a faire, and auncient Edifice:
Reedifide, where it was ruin'd most
At th'high and hopefull Prince * of *Wales* his cost.
I saw the roome where *Exton* * and his rowt
Of Traytours, Royall *Richards* braines beat out:
And if that King did striue so many blowes,
As hacks and hewes vpon one pillar shewes,
There are one hundred slashes, he withstood,
Before the villaines shed his Kingly blood.
From *Pomfret* then, vnto my noble friend,
Sir *Robert Swift* at *Doncaster* we wend,
An ancient Knight, of a most generous spirit,
Who made me welcome farre beyond my merit.
From thence by *Newarke*, I to *Stamford* past,
And so in time to *London* at the last.
Where friends and neighbours, all with louing harts,
Did welcome me with pettles, pintes, and quarts.
Which made my Muse more glib, and blyth to tell
This story of my voyage. So farewell.

* *Pomfret*
Castle.
* Prince
Charles.
* Sir *Peirce*
of *Exton*
Knight.
* King *Rich-
ard* the
second
murdered
there.

An Epi-

An Epilogue.

*Thus haue I brought to end a worke of paine,
I wish it may requite me with some gaine:
For well I wote the dangers where I ventred,
No full bag'd man would euer durst haue entered:
But hauing further shores for to discover
Hereafter, now my Pen doth here giue ouer.*

FINIS.

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